

Prin. How now my Lady the Hostesse; what say'st thou to me?

Hostesse. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would speake with you: hee sayes, hee comes from your Father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my Mother.

Falst. What manner of man is hee?

Hostesse. An old man.

Falst. What doth Grautie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I giue him his answer?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke*.

Falst. Faith, and he send him packing. *Exit.*

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought faire; so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardol*: you are Lyons too; you ranne away vpon instinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, sic.

Bard. Faith, I ranne when I saw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earnest, how came *Falstaffes* Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, hee hackt it with his Dagger, and said, hee would sweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleuee it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noses with Spear-grasse, to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this feuen yeeres before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuices.

Prin. O Villaine, thou stolest a Cup of Sacke eigh- teene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you see these Meteors? doe you behold these Exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold Purfes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaffe.

Heere comes leane *Iacke*, heere comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, since thou saw'st thine owne Knee?

Falst. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Wasse, I could haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of fighting and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: heere was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your Father: you must goe to the Court in the Morning. The same mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and hee of Wales, that gaue *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lusifer* Cuckold; and swore the Deuill his true Liege-man vpon the Crosse of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower*.
Falst. *Owen, Owen*; the same, and his Sonne in Law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scots, *Douglas*, that runnes a Horse-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Pistoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Falst. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Falst. Well, that Rascall hath good mettall in him; hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a Rascall art thou then, to prayse him so for running?

Falst. A Horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon instinct.

Falst. I grant ye, vpon instinct: Well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew-Cappes more. *Worcester* is stolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffeting hold, wee shall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.

Falst. By the Masse Lad, thou say'st true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horrible afraid? thou being Heire apparent, could the World picke thee out three such Enemies againe, as that Fiend *Douglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Deuill *Glendower*? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke some of thy instinct.

Falst. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practise an answer.

Prin. Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine mee vpon the particulars of my Life.

Falst. Shall I? content: This Chayre shall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Ioyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moued. Giue me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyse* vaine.

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

Falst. And heere is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie, *Hostesse*. This is excellent sport, yfaith.

Falst. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Hostesse. O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

Falst. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queen, For teares doe stop the shoud-gates of her eyes.

Hostesse. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players, as euer I see.

Falst. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine, *Harry*, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou so poyncted at? Shall the blessed Sonne of Heaven proue a Micher, and cate Black-berries? a question not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purfes? a question to be askt. There is a thug, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many

many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; so doth the companie thou keepest: for *Harry*, now I doe not speake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words onely, but in Woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Ma-

Falst. A goodly portly man, yfaith, and a corpulent, of a chearefull Look, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age some fiftie; or (byrlady) inclining to threescore; and now I remember mee, his Name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewdly giuen, hee deceiues mee; for *Harry*, I see Vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue in that *Falstaffe*: him keepe with, the rest banish. And tell mee now, thou naughty Varier, tell mee, where hast thou bene this moneth?

Prin. Doe thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for mee, and he play my Father.

Falst. Depose me: if thou do'st it halfe so grauely, so maiestically, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabber, sucker, or a Poulsters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Falst. And heere I stand: Iudge my Masters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from East-cheape.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Falst. Yfaith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, hee tickle ye for a young Prince.

Prin. Swarest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou conuerse with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beastlinesse, that swolne Parcel of Droppies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stuff Cloake-bagge of Guts, that rosted Manning Tree Oxe with the Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prin. That villanous, abominable, mis-leader of Youth, *Falstaffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falst. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know thou do'st.

Falst. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witnesse it: but that hee is (sauiug your reuerence) a Whore-ma-ster, that I vtterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heaven helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a sinner, then many an olde Hoste that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poiners*: but for sweete *Iacke Falstaffe*, kinde *Iacke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde *Iack Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harryes* companie, banish

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